Until the Day Dawn

UNTIL THE DAY DAWN: An Anthology of College Verse, from Mount Saint Mary's College, Los Angeles (Brentwood), California. Valley Press Publishers, Redlands, Calif.

We rarely find so much youth and beauty between the covers of a single book. These verses that carry so much meaning are appropriately described by California's poet, John Steven McGroarty, in the dedication poem, "To Younger Poets." He refers to the poets as blowing on silver reeds to ease the heartbreaks with their songs.

The brief verses in the freshness of loveliness, and in the dewy fragrance of the morning can be realized only in reading each exquisite line.

Here is the sincerity of true poetry, the ease to heartbreak that may be felt in a cloistered garden. This is not the riotous blossoms of a wild landscape, it is the intelligently cultivated garden of flowers.

So perfect, so restrained the verse that the reader bows before the one who has guided the youthful thoughts into a flawless technique. In the foreword by Sister Mary Dolorosa, president of the college, we are introduced to the leader in the classes of poetry, Sister Marie de Lourdes, under whose instruction many of the students have received honors and first prizes in contests of poetry in the national colleges. She is the director and compiler of this volume.

Sister Marie de Lourdes is affectionately remembered in Tucson as having been formerly Mother Superior of St. Joseph's Academy, Tucson, member of the order of Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, St. Mary's Hospital and St. Joseph's School for Boys.

Sister Mary Dolorosa in the foreword indicates the atmosphere at Mt. St. Mary's College, for she writes that youth by nature is creative, spontaneous and eager to express its soul, but shy in expression. Every one will feel that these poems are natural, graceful and unfolding.

The poems are written not in the 19th century worn meters and regular rhythms, but in our newer and well accepted forms. Naturalness finds expression in irregular lines and free verse as well as in some French forms and the sonnets.

The poems are original in thought and imagery. Words are well chosen and many strikingly apt in meaning. We cannot forget "A fringe of rain," "night that roams the hills velvet sandaled," or the sea at night "like a howling beast with sharp white teeth at a gruesome feast." In the poem "An Alms," its five short lines point the dandelions on the lawn as coins flung to the beggar rain. There are sonnets, too, pure Petrarchian in form to delight a poet's heart.

It would not be possible in this review to mention for excellence any of the 48 poets of the 104 poems. The three or four-line poems are as vivid as those covering more than a page.

This is a book for the war-scarred, weary folks to read, for the tender gladness of youth is here in one exquisite hour of memory.

By Marilla M. Guild.

Archives
MSMC

UNTIL THE DAY DAWNS—An Anthology of College Verse, published by the students of Mount St. Mary's College, Los Angeles, California. (No price given.)

In presenting this little volume, Mount St. Mary's College "offers a group of original poems, contributed by students of its English department, with the hope of establishing a tradition of encouragement of creative effort, no matter what the field." For this reason alone, the book's appearance is justified, even though the poems, for the most part, are not the finely wrought lines of the consummate artist. However, there is spontaneity, a pleasant and interesting variety of verse patterns, and a determination on the part of the young singers to learn the tools of expert craftsmanship. No one expects young collegians to manifest the midday of achievement; yet the volume is redolent of promise and high hopes such as becomes the best traditions of Catholic song. Furthermore, these young people show much good sense in treating of subjects familiar to them, and in their hands the familiar California flowers, seacoast and mountains acquire an intimacy that is genuine.

Charles M. Carey.

" . . . Until the day dawn, and
the day-star arise in your hearts."
— Saint Peter II:1

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. . . Until the Day Dawn

Anthology of College Verse

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE
Los Angeles California

MCMXLII

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Mount Saint Mary's College

DEDICATION

To Younger Poets

You whose eager dreams are threads
  Of strings of the Homeric lyre,
Upon whose fair uplifted heads
  Descends the bright Promethean fire;
Your souls shall quest the world's sad needs
  Beaten and bruised by ancient wrongs.
But, you shall blow on silver reeds
  To ease the heart-break with your songs.

JOHN STEVEN MCGROARTY

FOREWORD

Youth, by nature, is creative, spontaneous, eager to express its soul; yet by a curious anomaly, it is marked by a certain shy reserve which can only be expanded by a tactful and gentle understanding and appreciation of its interests and aims.

The dawning, not the mid-day in its blaze of glory, symbolizes youth's awakening to the expression of its inspiration, its hopes, and the unfolding of the spiritual beauty of its soul. Here is the point at which, realizing that the student who loves the best in poetry possesses a poet's soul and is adaptable to the acquisition of the spirit of the finest culture, judicious guides may furnish gifts whose value can never be lost.

In presenting this little volme, "Until the Day Dawn," Mount Saint Mary's College offers a group of original poems, contributed by students of its English Department, with the hope of establishing a tradition of encouragement of creative effort, no matter what the field.

Acknowledgment is due to "First the Blade," to American College Quill Club and other publications for permission to reprint some of these poems.

To Sister Marie de Lourdes, director of the work and compiler of the volume, to the Honorable John Steven McGroarty, who has favored it with a dedicatory poem, and to each of the contributors the Faculty offers best wishes for its success.

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA,
President.

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. . . UNTIL THE DAY DAWN.

VIRGIN MARY . *Margaret O'Connell*

Years ago they carved you,
forgetting you had Jewish eyes
and hair of shadow black.
They gave you yellow harvest braids
and eyes to match their rivers.
They made you a queen and then forgot.

I see you hiding now
among wheat-sheafed land —
as if you were a German sister
working in the rows.
You watch the wind trench down the wheat,
the wind like soldiers shivering
through the grass,
the wind that whirrs
like secrets of a creeping army.

You watch and think of war.

Where is the garden that they gave,
the walls, high, brushed clean
by wind-moved trees,
walls rebuilt, not up, but down,
where men grow damp to crawl
and know what Siegfried means?

Where is the garden
covered now by land,
wheat-smothered and unflowered?

DECEMBER SEVENTH . *Lucile McCullagh*

A peaceful calm of settled years
encloses in its folds
The flickering of swaying skirts
and blue haze of sundown.

The people sing
of joys already spent
Of matchless nights
and love
beneath an ageless and triumphant moon.

The harbor sleeps in simple quietude
and traced against the sky
The shadowing masts and rocking hulks
and barracks still — still in fathom deep.

The soldiers dream
of nights before
Of lazy days
and walks
beneath an understanding and triumphant moon.

A yellow beam outlines the giant wings
a roar proclaims the might
that could be theirs. A strike.
Oh God: What anguish fills the air!

The afflicted cry
of deepened pain

Of weakened bodies
and hearts
beneath a cruel and unrelenting moon

They left a trail of bloody souls;
brought back the wounds of time
But freedom will again be ours
to win, to keep, and love.

The people sing
of sweet and sacred peace,
Of days to come
and lives
beneath an ageless and triumphant moon.

PIONEER WIDOW . *Frances Ita Pierce*

So long, so long, it seems, since she felt lace
Around her throat and ruffled on her wrist.
The most familiar pattern she can trace
Is the plow handle, or a rusted twist
Of iron from a broken wagon wheel;
Yet sometimes, sloshing suds in the tin pail
For supper dishes, she can almost feel
The foamy mist that made her wedding veil.
But that's behind, and there's no time to think
With children to be washed and put to bed,
When weeds are lapping at the pasture's brink,
And cattle must be watered and be fed;
Almost a stranger now, that youthful girl,
Proud of her gold ring set with a seed of pearl.

AMERICA . . . . *Margaret O'Connell*

This is the land,
this land of a land,
a Gulliver with boots in the sea!
Like Pygmalions we sculptured you,
sifting clove-brown earth and
quarrying stones,
and putting in your veins
the livid blood of patriots.
We put garlands on your head
of forest leaves embraced
by flowers.
We fed you fields of wheat,
like golden arrows quivering
in the soil,
and dammed the sweet cool rain
to kiss your throat.
We paved your way into the sky —
tall buildings — for you to boost yourself
and kept you warm with factory fires.
We made you strong, broad Gulliver,
that you might one day dip your hand
into the sea
and capsize little men
who came to build new fences
round our yards,
to numb our tongues,
to crucify our God!

CALIFORNIA

Margaret O'Connell

California,
you are a church,
adobed once, rebuilt with gold
on dusty graves,
fertile with the faith
of Spanish monks and Indian races —
graves catacombed beneath the cities —
each a kneeling place
upon your soil.

Your pillars are
the curving cedars from the south,
Redwood pines, and pale-scarfed firs.
Your carpet-moss is yearly plushed.
Your windows are stained-glass
of thin clouds filtered through
with sun.

The hill-sides are
your altars banked with flowers —
Buck-brush Holly, Owl-faced Clover,
Azaleas, Asters from Sequoia,
Lupine bluer than Brodiaea,
chaliced Poppies flattered
by the lighted tapers
of the Yucca.

The landscapes are
your panels, symbol-filled

and laid with pious folded Palms,
with olive boughs and wind-shy corn
that tans beside the
gold-gowned orange,
fat-throated doves,
the locusts and wild honey.

Swing the insense, Wind,
from your flower-filled censer.
The sacrifice is ready!
Let high-priests come
with purpled wines
from grape-vine meshes,
with sun-flushed plums and apricots,
brush-brown fowls and muff-clad sheep,
cotton smoothed to altar-laces.
Bleach wind-cleaned wheat
for breaded hosts.
We take of your Communion.

BABY'S LAUGHTER . . *Natalie Breen*

Radiant silver, like a dew drop, falls,
Raising the doom of a baby tear;
Wild burst of sunshine, tinkles and calls,
Covers the thought of an elfin fear.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S . . . . . *Margaret O'Connell*

My college is a multitude
of fine things;
A great white bird, with window-eyes
a brooding on its wings;
An opened iris blossom
ethereal and wan,
Sleeping like a fairy
on a moonlight-furrowed lawn;
The walls are white stone tablets
leaning two by two,
Knicked and scarred and stylus-marked
by all its students do;
A white and burning furnace —
a squab clay-moulding kiln —
Firing hearts to love-cups
for a college on a hill.

MOUNT VERNON . . . . . *Genoveva Saavedra Hidalgo*

The willow
Bent with grief
Trails her tresses
In the pool —
A lustre vessel
To receive her tears.

GARRULOUS SHEPHERD . . . .
. . . . . *Terry Milligan*

"Light the fires, comrades. It is cold upon the hill
tonight,
And I miss the sheep-lined cape once on my
shoulders.
All day my heart has pondered last night's fright.
Holla! Benjamin. Come join us at the fire.
We must watch our grazing flocks until the light,
And they are restless since the star has filled the sky.
What thought you, friends, of last night's apparition:
As for myself, I know not what to think.
Perhaps my eyes grow old with nightly watching —
But, David, you are young and you, too saw the
vision.
It must indeed be God that lies so near in Ezra's cave
To send those marvelous heralds on his mission.
Such singing I have never heard, nor seen
Such blinding light in all my vintaged age.
Why were we honored—we poor shepherds of the
green?
We followed the beckoning figures, the youngest of
the flock
Upon my arm, to the cave door, and by this staff on
which I lean,
I swear the dismal place was lighted from within
By that great star that we have wondered at for
months
There, on a manger, lay a new born Babe encircled
by his kin

"This is the Son of God, kneel and adore," the
angels sang.
The lamb I carried, pure as water, free as he from
sin,
Went scurrying on wobbly legs to where the Baby
smiled.
My sheep-lined cape I left upon the floor, in case the
Babe was cold.
I wonder at the mother's crying out, she who was so
mild,
When David's staff and mine were entertwined, they
cast a shadow
In a cross-like pattern on the lamb and child.

THE HARP OF THE WINDS . . . . . *Genoveva Saavedra Hidalgo*

The eucalyptus
Playing with the wind
Sways to his rhythm,
Each musical leaf
The sensitive string
Of an Aeolian harp of silver.

IN THE OLD PUEBLO . . . . . *Genoveva Saavedra Hidalgo*

— Winter Cottonwoods —
Bare cottonwoods
Screen the parched bed of the river,
Spreading their fan of silver lace
Across a turquoise sky.

— Mission San Xavier del Bac —
"White Dove of the Desert"
In purest spun-gold nest,
A treasured bit of Spanish shawl
Upon her hallowed breast.

— Late Spring —
By a silver thread of a stream
Two dragonflies —
One, a needle of burnished copper,
The other, a stilletto of purest turquoise —
Play hide-and-seek
Among the water cress.

FROM THE HILL . . . . . *Genoveva Saavedra Hidalgo*

Night roams the hill velvet-sandaled;
Beneath me,
The sky is a swarm of fireflies.

DAVID'S FATHER . . . . . .
. . . . . *Gertrude E. Feenan*

That's his house —
The little grass hut on the side of the hill.
He's not a hermit,
Else those puddled footsteps would betray
His frugal peace.
I never say he paints; he blends the colours
Of the sky and earth and sea.
One would be least talented not to haven
That gift in these surroundings.
His wife died here.
She painted fifty minutes every day,
Cooked their meals, and sang in clock-work melody.
He never minded.
That smile was quite enough for him.
He doesn't care for money;
He'd rather see a molten dune at sunset,
Or crack a shell beneath his heel.
I wonder if he loves the fish
He catches too incessantly
And throws last-gasping forms
To grovel in the sand.
You expected someone young?
Not with such a splendid son.
You'd lose him in a net of sea-gulls
Skimming over waves.
A shadowed native in the sun!
But, his father would not own him.

Some think he is cruel —
Raising David in the everlasting coolness
Of these Hampshire hills.
His mother drifted sand between her fingers
Those nights she knew were fleeting
Much to fast.
She cried because the moon was full,
And fragrant verdure sweated in the gloom light.
This island has so much to offer?
That man is lunging at its crest
To find what it never gives —
Never will.

WILD LILAC . . . . . *Mary Condon*

Like foam
On storm green waves,
Shifting
With every idle breeze,
Drifting
On tree-top seas.
Like lace
On dusk green dress,
Flaunting
Delicate filigrees,
Haunting
Our memories.

LACE-MAKER . . *Gertrude E. Feenan*

She sits here
melancholy.
I've seen her
sadly
watch the day,
as if it were a frail good-bye.
The pattern gains
with the swift
prismatic change
of sunlight hours.
White, her work —
of still white threads.
Still, woven
in their unique closeness
lies the bright, red vividness
she knew of yesterday —
the red she changed
so carelessly.
Did she fling it
with the mad caress
of the roguish love of Time?
She left it listlessly —
As the day
will leave its toga
at the door
of the evening's sunset.

WHITE NOSTALGIA. *Patricia Garnett*

Gay leggings on
A running child
Chinchilla coat,
And stockings lisled.
Cod-liver oil —
One lost mitten;
A stinging wind
Nose frost-bitten.
Glass icicles
Black leafless trees,
Long underwear,
A sudden sneeze.
Deformed snow-men
With clinker eyes —
Dad's old top hat;
Tart apple pies.
A spitting fire
Wood to splinter,
Marshmallow roast,
This is winter!

A TEAR . . . . . *Lucile McCullogh*

Spunglass on pink cheeks
A glistening opal pool;
But, ah! who knows
The pain behind this single jewel.

Intercollegiate Fellowship of Creative Arts

CONFERENCE HELD AT MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE
12001 CHALON ROAD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Saturday, October 16, 1937

1. Welcome to visiting delegates
   Jeanne Callahan
   President of the Parnassians

2. Introduction of delegates
   Mr. Richard Warner Borst
   of Fullerton Junior College

3. Report of the Editor Club of 1936
   Barbara Williams, Managing Editor
   First the Blade, Tenth Edition

4. Election of Editor School for 1937 - 38

5. Readings by Snow Langley Housh

6. Tea served in College Dining Room

WIND-WINGED . . *Lucille McCullagh*

Spiniker wind
I board your plank
ever racing to the sea.
To feel the sting
of fresh salt air
and deck my bed
beneath the free-blown clouds.
    Stalwart of the deep!
    Carry me to Kubla Kahn;
To the land of Prester John;
    Stop awhile at Happy Valley
    And come to port at Estalan.
Home again — I must, I must
But my roving heart
is ever figment with the sea!

OLD PEWTER . . . *Catherine Kelly*

Pewter, dully gleaming,
Is like the splash of moonlight
On my neighbor's roof —

Pewter, burnished, glowing,
Perfectly complements
The deep color
Of the blue night sky —

Pewter, silvery soft
Against the shadows of the night,
Is like the black and silver
Of my lady's gown.

SPRING FANCY . . *Terry Milligan*

Spring comes
Like a young fawn
Into the forest
And lifts each bud
From the tree
With a whisk of his tail.
Soon grass wakens
To the sound
Of prancing hoofs,
And the trembling blades rustle
As he nuzzles them
With his gentle, prodding nose.
The fawn licks
The flowers clean
With his wet tongue,
And the warm breath
Of his coming
Leaves a mist in the air.

VALUES . . . . . *Wanda Corlett*

A flutter of warmth thrills my pulse
At the tone of your indolent voice;
But, dear, since we last bade good-bye,
Five others have served as my choice.

You have but to half-close your eyes
To melt my resolve to your plea.
Yet why should I choose only you
When five beg to sugar my tea?

RELUCTANCE . . . *Wanda Corlett*

A little while, please, just a little while
Before you press fulfillment of my will
To make my pleasure come to duty. Still
Another day concede to youth's denial
Of fateful, dooming, "Yes, I will." You smile—
And I would clutch that sign, expand it till,
Diffused through years of loving, it might chill
My fevered present fancy that the style
Of our affections can be changed. Such small,
Quaint pleasures satisfy me now—like days
All mine to spend alone, like stretching tall
To kiss you when you go, like knowing ways
To flirt—but these, once wed, I have to lose;
So love, you are no easy thing to choose.

MONICA . . . . . *Charlot Tanske*

Her face holds, written, a thousand tales,
Her eyes hold, burning, but one light,
Around her heart hangs sorrow's veils,
On her cheek the well-worn path of a tear,
On her hands the scars of beads,
On her breath a constant prayer:
"Oh, God, whose Son climbed Calvary,
Take my son to Calvary,
Augustine, my son, to Calvary."
Her voice holds a heaven-moving might,
Her face holds, written, a thousand tales,
Her eyes hold, burning, but one light.

CAMEL OF THE AFRICAN MAGI . . . . . *Mary Sibilio*

I scorch my hoofs on the sands of Sahara.
I cool my nostrils with the breath of the Nile.
My throat is parched by the sun of Arabia.
My goal is nearing with every mile.
The waters of Jordan refresh and cleanse me.
My eyes are blinded by Jerusalem's glare.
My steps are guided to the shores of Galilee.
And the Hand of the Child strokes my hair.

CHRIST WATCHED ALONE . . . . . *Kathleen Duffy*

Below, silence-wrapped,
His city slept.
Night sang a canticle of stars;
Crickets quieted their symphony
For Jesus wept.
"How have I longed to gather thee
As the hen doth her chickens
Under her wings
And thou wouldst not."
His plaint sighs
Down the hillsides of the centuries:
But cities, pleasure-wrapped,
Dance to the jangle
Of the world's calliope.

TIME OF BIRTH . . *Charlotte Tanske*

This hour knows a stillness of motion and time
The hush of its members
Now touches an ancient awakening chime.
Of still old Decembers,
While the minutes fall and climb.

Now sing out of Limbo a song the soul knows
A soft "Agnus Dei."
The insense of pagans is cooled by the snows;
Now the Lamb born of Mary
Is come with the cross and the rose.

SPRING . . . . . *Frances Ita Pierce*

A fringe of rain flung against the hills
Falls to silken swirls in the hollow
Here by the pasture gate. As twilight spills
Over the valley's curve, I turn and follow
Our water-ravelled roadway through the wood
Remembering how past the fern-stitched pond
Your light haloed the open doorway's hood.
Each night I walk more slowly for beyond,
The door is empty; now no high held lamp
Scoops out the darkness underneath the eaves.
Only the grey veil of the rising damp
Floats from the pool under the dripping leaves
To hide the meadow where new and tender grass
Blots out the worn way you used to pass.

CHANGE IN CHINA . *Terry Milligan*

Sage of the Lotus pond,
Part of the turbid waters
And strewn white ladies of the lake
On the calm surface of your dwelling.
Let the Lotus flowers
Drift, just out of reach;
Enticement for a beauty-loving mortal.
Now she must stoop, and look into your eyes
Before her hand can claim a flower.
Look well, Sage of the pond.
This is no Manchu princess
With hair piled high and jade-ringed fingers
Peeping from the sleeve of an embroidered
gown.
This girl has known war, seen death.
Her hands have helped the wounded.
Look well, Sage, and rejoice that you have
given
A moment of forgetfulness.

OPTIMISM . . . . . *Natalie Breen*

Today, I look with sadness
At the passing of a tear.
Tomorrow? Who knows but gladness
May bring music to the ear.

THE POET'S PRAYER . . . . .
. . . . . *Frances Williams*

(*Horace, Bk. I, Ode XXXI*)

What does he humbly ask of Apollo enshrined
The poet ardent pouring from the chalice
Autumn's vintage rare? Not the golden
Sowing of fertile Sardinia.

Not the pleasing herds of the sunny south,
Not the gold or ivory of far India
Not the fields which Liris, silent river,
Eats away with peaceful, flowing waters.

Let those press with the Calean sickle
Whom fortune has given the ruddy vine;
Let the wealthy merchant, drain from cups of gold
The vintage bartered for finest Syrian wares.

Traders these, who, dear to the gods,
Three and four times yearly revisit without peril
The Atlantic Sea; but the olive feeds me,
And the endive, and yea the light mallow.

Latona, I implore, grant me with strong body
To enjoy what I posess, with sound mind
To pass my days, not in a tottering old age,
Nor in years lacking the poet's song.

COMPARISONS . . *Frances Ita Pierce*

Yews clipped and trimmed, with shaven polls;
New growth plucked out of oak tree boles;
Lawns that preserve their barbered faces;
Such represent our neighbors' places.

But here, in free mysterious ways,
The yews design their own dark maze;
Green shoots and leaves hose oaken shanks;
The lawn is host to weedy ranks;
No gardner rakes up scattered petals,
The rose leaf lies where it first settles.

I like this best. I like to see
The easy ways of bush and tree,
And how your brown, delightful mop
Is somewhat like our tousled crop.
And bent above a flowering bed
Your tousled, brown, delightful head.

NOEL . . . . . *Catherine Ameche*

Had I been there
That Christmas night,
I would have sung
To the whole world,
Of joy triumphant
Of Christ magnificent
And hailed exultant
God's new born son.

SUBURBA . . . . . *Frances Ita Pierce*

With the golden spurs of dawn against their flanks,
Night and his mares fade into morning stalls.
Like a familiar guest, the sunshine sprawls
Across the rug. Outside the milkman cranks,
And cranks and curses; then his bellowed thanks
Echo a grinding gear. His motor bawls
And shudders out of hearing. Our four walls
Expand in silence to a shadow's pranks.
Here there is peace. No light of evil dreams
Intrudes upon me now. I write to you
In sun, of simple things alien to fear.
Here there is peace; hold fast the thought, my dear,
When all your world listens to empty screams
Of terror in a blasted avenue.

SHIFTLESS? . . . . *Frances Ita Pierce*

She contemplates with placid eyes
The ragged patterns on her lawn
Stitched by the weeds' luxuriant yarn.
She smiles to see a bumpy patch
Upon its rather threadbare coat
Where toadstools make a neat, grey darn;
And thinks it is quite nice to have
Wild daisies button up those holes
Between her porch steps and the barn.

THE VIGIL LIGHT . *Ann Jane Marshall*

The sanctuary light burns in its wine-red cup.
Casting a golden halo on the chapel ceiling.
Oh, God,
Make my devotion burn constant in the blood-red
cup of my heart.
Let it keep eternal vigilance before Your presence.
Let it never die: let the warm flame leap higher with
each new devotion
Until it casts a small circle of love
On the ceiling of heaven.

*GOD'S HANDS . . *Margaret O'Connell*

His hands have worked so many ways —
To mast white clouds astern a peak,
Or lift a world so high it stays
Against the curve of God's own cheek.
So strong they are, and yet so slim;
They trace the hollow of a reed,
Or leave a bud unbruised and prim
In which they've scattered pollen seed.
I've felt Him lift His mystic hands
To orchestrate for crooning bees.
I've seen Him scoop away the sands
With shovels made of steel sharp breeze.
But still, His hands are sometimes red —
They scarlet my Geranium bed.

* Appeared in *The Parchment.*

PSALM . . . . . *Mary Phillips*

My love for you is the scent of sage
After a summer shower . . .
Or a yellow birch in the pale gold sunlight
Of an autumn afternoon . . .
Sometimes a mountain flaming with October . . .
Then suddenly, a cedar heaped with snow.

Your love for me, O God,
Is sun
And rain,
Frost
And snow.

Your love for me, O God, is a Tree
With far-flung arms . . .
And Your Body — a broken flower . . .
A strong cry of agony — with silence
The only answer . . .
Magdalen, Peter, and John . . .
And Mary, my Mother, forever.

SUNRISE . . . . . *Renee Crum*

The red light sweeps over the heavens
Like a great fire dragon
Finding and consuming here and there
A star left over by the night.

DIANE . . . . . *Margaret O'Connell*

Diane, my daughter, do you dance all alone,
Away from your guests and the duke of Asthone:
The moon's haze on the terrace cannot take the place
Of your pink elfin slippers, dark eyes, and old lace.
A star scorned the heaven when you left the ball.
Why do you hide in this picture-filled hall?
Of course,— this painting of you is the best;
Your image is perfect; you were faultlessly dressed.
The artist was Peter, yes, with art and no fame;
So I loaned him your beauty to give him his name.
Remember?— He frowned at your silent white face.
It was youth made him say that emotion would race
From the heart to a laugh, a smile or a tear.
But you need no emotion; you have never known
fear.
One day he brought roses that still dreamed in dew
And told you a story of a girl like to you,
Whose dreams were the tree leaves hung high in the
sky
And her lover, a working-lad, "even as I,"
Do you know, my devoted, your pale beauty blushed
To blend with your lips trembling, but hushed
To hide some emotion your gray eyes implied.
Perhaps Peter loved you; he foolishly cried:
"Diane — that story — you could take the maid's
part,
For you dreamed in the sunlight; I could paint you a
heart!"

But I knew you were tired, dear; I sent him away.
The picture, completed, came the next day.
And soon silent beauty bewitched you once more;
You were freed from emotions a painted heart bore.
You have your cold beauty; your heart's in my
trance.
Thank me, Diane, and — come let us dance.

SEA-CHANGE . . . . *Barbara Brown*

The sea at dawn
Is an age-old pewter
Curling wisps of steam rise up

The sea at noon
Is a shining glass
Reflecting myriad birds that pass

The sea at sunset
Is a gypsy queen
In red, and yellow and gilded green

The sea at night
Is a howling beast
With sharp white teeth at a gruesome feast.

KIRBY HOUSE . . . *Gertrude Feenan*

They have an organ
at Kirby House —
Kirby House that sits
high and white
upon a hill.
Fingers touch its keys —
at sun-tinged hours, and play
until the piped heart cries out
in oddly melancholy music.
The fog comes swift
about the door —
the large, glass door
of Kirby House,
the house that waits
like smoke upon a hill.
A child, whose eyes are seldom lit
with the expectant lights
of hidden, never-spoken thoughts,
looks out the misty pane
upon the greyness
of a world of shadows —
looks out the misty pane,
of high, white
Kirby House,
Kirby House upon a hill —
a hill of listless shadows.

SCHERZO . . . . . *Kathleen Duffy*

Perched on the bridge of a leafy boat
A linnet whittles an a rough-cut note;
He drops the shavings here and there
Letting them twinkle through the air.

A cricket, afraid he will oversleep,
Winds his watch with determined sweep;
Then tunes his fiddle that he may be
Ready at dark for the jamboree.

A humming bird twits at a red-petaled door;
A horse-fly hums his own folk-lore;
Bees gossip and bargain in secret code,
Then stagger home with a pocket load.

AN ALMS . . . . . *Kathleen Duffy*

A proud wind rode by
And left
Scattered on the lawn
Dandelions —
Coins flung to the beggar rain.

TRANSITION . . . *Lucylle Robinson*

Fall is dusk and burning leaves,
Pumpkin pies and golden sheaves,
Red-cheeked apples, frosted panes,
A cheerful fire when daylight wanes.
Winter-snowflakes, zero weather,
Sleigh rides, times when families gather,
Christmas trees and *Auld Lang Syne,*
And March 15th — income tax time.
Spring is lambkins, meadow-larks,
Clear cool streams and blooming parks,
New spring hats and longer days,
Faster shopping (Father pays)
Summer picnics, boats and trains,
Fishing trips and sudden rains,
Post-card views, and school days call
Just in time to welcome Fall.

MEDUSA . . . . . *Elizabeth Mitchell*

The sea trips itself in hurry to escape her;
Trees bend, arms flung upward to avoid her wrath.
Fearsome, Medusa's head stares from the storm-rent
sky.

Ragged clouds knit her great, dark brows;
Lightning flashes from her baleful eyes;
Wind-swept torrents writhe in her snaky hair.

The wind flees, shrieking in mad terror!

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS . . . . . *Jean Laurendeau*

A tall, white candle flickers in the night
The crucifix grotesque, distorted
A figure draped in agony
A white mask painted with black terror-filled eyes
A shadowed, pleading mouth
Soft hands clutching a heavy rosary.
The measured tread of sentries
Moonlight-pale and ghastly
A hideous structure outlined in granite shadow
below
"Elizabeth, you cannot betray me!"
"Bothwell — the pipes?"
"No — only the wind in the trees."
A short, worn candle sputters in the dawn.

WHITE WALLS . . . . *Ruth Cutter*

Four white walls and a ceiling overhead
Are important things to a patient in bed.
A white wall at the left and one at the right
Punctured by a window to let in the light.
A white wall in front and another at the back
With a door at one end that closes with a clack.
But the white ceiling overhead is my pride,
With a brownish rain stain at one side.

SUMMER RAIN . . . . . *Helen Elizabeth Rumsey*

In forest pathways,
Dim and cool,
Summer rain falls,
Refreshingly,
Upon the leaves
With life-bringing touch.

Dust of the city streets,
Washed away
From faces and hearts
Toil-wearied,
Of journeyers
Through forest pathways.

DUSTY MILLER . . . *Mary Condon*

Ivory, smoked by fog
To coolest gray,
Delicately carven
By a sunbeams ray.

LE RETOUR . . . . . *Beata Bowman*

If I should go
some fresh sparkling day
We would bow politely
To your far city by the sea,
To each other —
You from your comfortable new life,
And I from mine.
And yet perhaps on moonless
Nights
When the wild sea weeps
Outside your window,
I return, a small and pallid wraith,
And you grow silent and bemused,
Remembering that I loved you once
And cried against your heart
At parting.
For you cannot forget me utterly.
To forget were sacrilege —
And you were ever reverent.

MORNING GLORY . *Terry Milligan*

They say that you close your violet eyes
Against the prying of King Sun's spies
Because you are timid; yet I would surmise
That it's only because of the hours you keep
And the stories you gather when shadows are
deep,
That when the sun rises, you have to sleep.

AQUARIUM . . . . *Terry Milligan*

Lace on coral fans, and black pearl eyes
Simpering as crystal bubbles rise;
Darting gold in moldering, haunted castles.
Overhung by fluffy, jade-green tassels,
Shifting colored pebble pawns of pleasure,
Bright and useless now as dead man's treasure.
Oh! the lonely silent desolation
Of a lost and hermit civilization;
Deserted, small Atlantis of the sea.

WIND WAYS . . . . *Margaret Hoyt*

At dawn
I see you swirl
fog-laden, licking clean
like a finicky cat
branches and leaves;
at heat's height
you curl, twisting dirt
and tumbleweeds;
a cowman's twirling lasso,
You scare cattle
into the fence corners;
at night
you carry
the day's grimed smoke
out to sea
for a tubbing.

CAPRICE . . . . . *Mary G. Ross*

Mock turtles
And two wooly lambs.
A crocodile,
Two butting rams,
An elephant,
A kangaroo —
When the wind will play
What a cloud won't do.

THING, A Fragment . . . *Billie Musil*

I have seen
A nervous flame stop a candle's waxen height,
A pale blue finger traced across a heavy sky,
A tree's gaunt limbs out-stretched in beggary,
White lilac plumes perched piquant on a desk,
The shadow blue of fragrant, falling rain,
A desert waiting for the sun to rise.

I have known
The minstrel wind's soft singing in the eaves
A tumbling torrent's speech made dumb by quiet
pool
A fire fawn, lover-like, upon a tree,
The immeasurable despair of deeds left unachieved,
A battle with the sea whipped high in waves,
The deep lethargic sleep that stills all pain.

TO SAINT JOSEPH . *Mary Bryan*

The love of Mary built a mighty fortress
In St. Joseph's heart.
It forged his courage straight and strong
To be God's counterpart.
It tempered his humility to power
Sword-shining, brave, still
To love and cherish her — but to renounce
Her nearness, should God will.

SATIETY . . . . . *Mary Francis*

The earth
After three days wind-scourge
Lies quiet,
Sated with torment
Too apathetic to protest.

The trees
Drop their arms with weariness
Not even reaching up
To let the light
Run through their fingers.

The wind
Slaked of its cruelty
Touches with complaisance
The victims
Subdued to its will.

THE DESERT . . . . *Lorraine Gibson*

Dawn —
Gold rimmed mountains
Fortell the rising sun
Purple night shadows
Linger in remote stretches
Of desert wastes.
Grotesque joshua trees
Guard the portals
Of the horizon.
Noon —
Pointed peaks of red lava
Reach toward the
Unclouded sky.
Patches of dusty cactus
On calid sands
Relieve the torrid glare.
Distant mirages mock
The thirsty voyager.
Evening —
Latticed clumps of sage
Trace delicate patterns
On the cooling sands.
Somber shadows of dim ranges
Create fantastic images.
Sifted silver moonbeams
Diffuse everywhere a
Fairy-like radiance.

SONNET . . . . . *Nancy Rossman*

The midnight sky is clear; the stars look down
And tremble like the will-o'-wisp's mad light.
Across the desert sand the cacti might
Be sentinels, so straight they stand. No sound
Of beast or bird — but stillness all around.
The cold, crisp air is life unto the night
And blows against my face until I quite
Forget all else except this sacred ground.
I love it here, and here my life could spend
In peace and prodigal contentment — yet
I cannot. I must leave and follow new
Unbroken paths, with Time alone to mend
The deep-cleft wounds of parting. Life, oh let
Not memory my coward flight pursue!

JUNK SHOP . . . . . *Mary Phillips*

Memory keeps a junk shop:
Hurdy-gurdy tunes;
Bits of broken laughter;
Faded red balloons;

Odds and ends of beauty;
Fragments of old fears;
Everything is second-hand,
Slightly streaked with tears.

CINQUAINS . . . . . *Cina Haviland*

Definition

Your dimple
Baby dear, is where
God touched your cheek
It is so sweetly soft
Even He could not resist.

Echo

I stood
On a mountain top
Asking "Who can help me now, Dear God?"
Across the canyon came the sonorous answer
"Dear God."

Announcement

Look . . .
With tiny muted clappers
Bluebells are announcing
The jubilant arrival
Of Spring.

To a Vagabond

I pity you, Wanderer
Not knowing
The sweetness of familiarity
You are a tumble weed
Without roots.

TODAY . . . . . *Mary Phillips*

Today my thoughts
Are swift and cool
As goldfish in
A lily pool.

Tomorrow, like as not,
They'll be
Brown turtles blinking
Hard at me.

And I shall be
As dull as they
And blink back, too.
But oh, today!

THE WIND IS A ROBIN . . . . . *Joy Pinkerton*

The wind is a robin
Out of the south,
Singing a Malay song.
The song is a hymn
From out of the mouth
Of an ancient Malay gong.
Oh! The wind blows deep,
And the wind blows low,
And the wind recrosses the sea,
And from out of the mouth
Of a Malay gong
The song comes back to me.

THE GYPSY'S JACKET . . . . .

. . . . . *Frances Ita Pierce*

In the patched left pocket of my jacket,
I have a ruby in a wax-sealed packet;
Red as blood from a quick heart's chamber,—
Look long into its pulsing depth.
If you could see what blushes crept
Up from her bodice over her cheek
When we first met! Yes, a pleasant week.
I cannot remember the name of the town,
What she was called, or the shade of her gown.
Yet she was fair as the jewel I kept;
This jewel I took from her ear while she slept.

Hi-lo, wherever I go,
I melt their hearts
As the sun melts snow.

Inside my jacket, in the lining pocket,
A pearl nests in an etched gold locket;
Pale as lilies laced with dew,—
Feel the surface, you have my leave.
Her throat was smooth as her velvet sleeve.
She smiled, I stayed — the fire was ashes —
Her father ordered fifty lashes.
If she wept for me, she wept in vain;
Her pearl was solace for my pain.
I left with the jewel in my peddler's pack;
It cooled the fifty welts on my back.

THE VILLAIN'S VILLANELLE

Frances Ita Pierce

A villain I am, and a villain I'll be.
For although I know it's not *comme il faut*
I'll pillage the land and I'll plunder the sea.

The hardiest pirate will quail before me
As I sail from Trafalgar to where the Trades blow,
For a villain I am and a villain I'll be.

Before my stiff blade even heroes shall flee
And the fame of my exploits will flourish and grow
When I pillage the land and I plunder the sea.

Maiden and matron I'll bounce on my knee,
Be their eyes like the sloe or as blue indigo,
For a villain I am and a villain I'll be.

I'll compass my day with a duel and a spree.
I will frighten each foe as white misteltoe
When I pillage the land and plunder the sea.

As long as producers can beckon to me
With a lusty, bloodthirsty scenario, Ho!
A villain I am and a villain I'll be.
I'll pillage the land and I'll plunder the sea.

ON SUSAN'S FRECKLES . . .

. . . . . *Frances Ita Pierce*

The year is turned to winter's pulse;
Rain scampers over window glasses,
But all the shadows leap to light,
And suns come out when Susan passes.

Now, I know maids — like Queen Anne's lace —
Milky of nature, mood and face,
Who think my Susan's burnished cheek
A cabbage rose beside their meek
Pretense at pink; see her pass by
With lifted brow or lowered eye.

And Susan, docile to the mode,
Disdains an ardent sun's devotion;
Strives to subdue her golden stain
With pot and flagon, puff and lotion.

Alas for Sue! Though she may heckle
Her sun-dust veil, her every freckle,
Like bubbles rising on champagne,
Each minute sun comes up again;
And Sue holds summer in her face,
Though all she sees is brown disgrace.

TO JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY

. . . . . *Catherine Kelly*

California's golds and blues
Greens and scarlets
He makes his favorite colours;
Playing reverently, he merges
Them into a lovely thing,
A Mission Play.
Against the somber brown
Of the Franciscan's habit
He plays a melody
That tingles and flashes
To the measured swing of
A black uniformed,
Red-sashed hidalgo;
To the rhythmic grace
of a senorita
Whose dark hair gleams
Through the white lace
Of her mantilla.
Above the mission tower
The sun rises;
Across the blueness of the
Peaceful waters
Lies a path of molten gold;
Across the transept
Of the chapel
Gleams a shaft of sparkling
Sunlight.
There is the steady, busy

Murmur of low voices,
Here the tenderness of a
Brown-robed father's hands;
There the radiant, smiling
Eyes of a neophyte.
A lesson of love is taught,
A Latin office is chanted,
A mellow Angelus is rung.

PROPHECY . . . . . *Beata Bowman*

In a little grey cottage in some small town
I shall grow old in a checkered gown.
I shall drink milk with my warm fresh bread,
And never a night but safe in bed
I shall rest well and never wake
In the breathless dark with an alien ache
For seas of purple and tropical stars
And the flashing scarlet of strange bazaars —
For the low-pitched note of a foreign tongue
Murmured by those I pass among.
I shall rest quietly there in the gloom,
Quietly, quietly, there in my room.
And though I walk to the corner store,
Though daily I mop the kitchen floor,
Though I can laugh and weep my tears,
I'll have been dead for forty years!

NO NEVERMORE . . *Bernice Brady*

I run along the wild sea-shore,
I shout above the mad wave's roar,
I'm giddy; charge like matador
To drench myself in ocean's gore.
I feel the pebble on the floor,
It tickles me, I run ashore.

I beg, I challenge, I implore
The stately, ominous albacore
To tell of rocky Labrador,
Of salty tales of Singapore,
Of Salvador, and Equador,
Of Panama, and Theodore.

My pleas, entreaties, he'll ignore
And leave me here a curator
To pick dry facts of magic lore
From history books, where viking Thor
Is found to be historic bore.
No word, no tale will he outpour,
Like Poe, he speaks, no nevermore.

TO AN IRISH HARP . . . . . *Peggy Mahoney*

Full flutes,
Pour out your bubbled notes;
Roll their crystal cadence lightly
On this callow soul.
And let the throbbing trumpet
Pour
Gold-heated melody on youthful hearts,
Till they rise,
White
And burned.
And then,
My golden harp,
May you break their blistered beauty
With one sob
From your stringed soul,
That is taut with a thousand years
Of tyranny!

TO TATINA . . . . . *Helen Purcell*

Fragile were your lineaments,
Fragile your feelings.
Till now,
I did not know
How I trampled on
The delicate edges of your thoughts.

SNOW MAGIC . . . *Harriet Weaver*

Snow-swept, platinum night
Star shadows, strange sight —

Eerie, silver-tipped
Roofs, in moon-dust dipped.

TO ONE DEAD . . . *Peggy Mahoney*

Infinitely wise —
You now know
Why storm-mad seas
pound ton-heavy fists
on distant shores —
and then retreat and loll
on coral cakes,
or grovel low upon brown mealy sand.
You know now
why day pulls low
her crimson shutters
when she hears night beating softly
on starred mountain tops;
and why,
on ice-clear nights
the stars are silver rivets
eternally driven,
deep
on the floor of Heaven.

THE VIGIL . . . . *Peggy Mahoney*

Broad hills that raise black breasts
To midnight skies,
And watch while man and child
And lapping waters sleep —
Caught in the craggy chambers of your heart,
You keep the secret that lies locked
In Virgin eyes.
Jet sky, poise low your velvet heart,
And bide the perfect hour
When chorus thrums the golden joy afar
And angel feet will bruise each burning star,
And Christ will lie on straw at Bethlehem.

KOKO HEAD . . . . . *Joy Pinkerton*

The waves at Koko head
Are wolves rending at the land's hard legs.
They leap, leap, again and again
To be spurned, and their own life spills.
What pretty patterns the blood makes on the ground.

AGE AND YOUTH . . *Joy Pinkerton*

Two old women
Weeping over a cross
In the snow.
Beside them a young boy
Scuffling his feet
In an agony
Of impatience.

REQUIESCAT . . . . *Beata Bowman*

May you lie quietly
On that far hill
You who were joyous —
Whose laughter is still.
May you rest tranquilly
Under the sod
You who were merry —
Whose soul is with God.
May you sleep peacefully
Your golden voice dumb
You whom I love so —
Rest till I come.

KENNINGS . . . . *Monica Fitzgerald*

Eiderdown quilts
on cherubs' beds
Pathways white
for angels' tread,
Rolling ripples
on shore of gold,
Wind-heaped pillows
for eagles bold,
Coral-lined cloak
for Lady Moon,
Lazy sheep in
meadows at noon.

Are clouds mere
atmosphere?

LIKE UNTO RAIN . *E. Ayn. Morris*

Rain is poet's voice
That sings through trellises
in the white cool night.
Rain is a martyr's prayer
On a worn altar.
Rain is the flutter of wet wings
That falls on dark earth
In the tulip beds.
Rain is like you —
Young, with a dust of power
Stained in the scent
Of mellow honeysuckle.

LA LUNE . . . . . *Zella Hazelton*

La lune est une jolie femme ce soir,
Mais a temps elle se cache
Derriere un nuage delicat
Parcequ'elle est une femme modests.

Plus tard, la lune est devenue
Une femme mysterieuse,
Elle se cache sa beaute radiante
D'une voile de nuage sombre.

Alors les millions yeux anges,
Qui sont les esoile d'or,
Ils voient la goddese de leurs cieux
Qui parait dans sa gloire.

MINER'S WIFE . *Margaret O'Connell*

You have not seen the sun for twenty years.
Before each dawn you tramp into a land
of canyon dusk and pan there from the sand —
grey mealy sand of river-beds — the tears
of fine gold dust. Your fingers haunt the crags
for gold. At night, your clothes are steeped in rank
and earthen odors from the canyon dank.
With Midean touch you fill your buckskin bags.
You never wonder how I spend my hours.
I walk to fields of amber shafted corn
or watch the golden haloed sun-flowers sway.
I cry beneath eternal sun-strung bowers
that you have spurned my gold; and yet each morn
you pan some from my hair and leave it grey.

SEA FOAM . . . . . *Mary Sibilio*

Frothy lace fluffs about
the soft, warm throat
of land,
And flutters back
to leave lace patterns
on the sand.

EVANESCENT . . . . *H. Weaver*

I grasped a swift-sailing star one night
Through my fingers it slid, burning bright.
I shall never grasp a star again —
Too fleeting the joy, too long the pain.

MEN'S HANDS . . *Margaret O'Connell*

I see men's hands point down towards earth today —
the soil-brown hands that cull war-fields for dead;
the hulks of hands less living flesh than clay
that lie like pruned or broken limbs instead
of fair white stems of living trees. The oils
of guns have left their yellow grinning stains,
and tunneling acids — gas of science spoils.
Can they be washed with tears or years of rains?
O when will men lift up their hands again
to raise a baton and feel music surge
instead of blood; or paint a grass-napped plain
or fold their hands — palm kissing palm — and purge
their souls of rankling hate by hallowed prayer;
then, reach up to their God and find Him there.

BECAUSE WE LOVE HIM . . .
. . . . . *Jeanne Barrett*

He is too young dear God, and not too wise.
Oh yes, his limbs are tall, but in his eyes
There lies the deep blue wonder of a child.
His smile is warm, his voice is mild.
He is too young I fear, to fight the old
Hypnotic bidding call to savage charms
That beats a wary cry on the bravest hearts . . .
To Arms! To Arms!
He is so fresh and clean and free from stain.
He sleeps in heater spray and walks in rain,
It is the closest thing he knows to tears.
God, guide him past the battleground these years.

BIJOU . . . . . *Aline Gerber*

I had a little French dog
That carried well the name
Of "Bijou," little jewel
Of wide and wondrous fame.
For "Vive la France" he stood and bowed,
At "Bas les Boches" he lay and growled.
He romped and played upon the soil
Of France still free from rod.
But now beneath the ground he lies
And German feet his small grave trod.

SPRING SOLILOQUY . . . . . *Frances Ita Pierce*

I am not sorry love must grow upon
You slowly; the green bud, unshaped and dim,
Leaves all its fragrance where the bloom has gone
To sculpture fruit weighted against the limb.
Never would I assail a rigid bough
To see a summer fruit before its season,
For half the harvest lies in watching how
Pale fruits blush with a sunny secret reason.
Love me you will, and, if your love is slow,
I am no fool who thinks the spring a waste
While wishing summer bent the tree top low
To meet the level of his touch and taste.
Yet do not think me one to lie and nap
Until the fruit has tumbled in my lap.

ON WAITING . *Mary Helen Emerson*

I went out to the edge of earth today
And sat with legs hanging over,
To ask the sea, "Why?",
The up-wind, "When",
And the gulls that knew them, "Whether?"

I went out to the end of land today
And heard, where sand sprouts clover,
The spray sing, "Love!"
The birds, "Not yet!"
And the breeze that blew them, "Never!"

EMBERS . . . . . *Mary Helen Emerson*

Here on the hearth
Kept from the snow,
These bits of Summer are all we know

They are her tears,
Warm, latent, bright,
Heaped by the North Wind who saw her
flight.

FOR MY DAUGHTER LAUREL . . . . . *Mary Helen Emerson*

I shall love you much
And yet, be afraid.
For in your eyes will lie my sight,
And in your mouth, my song.
Your zealot-heart will hear
My heart's decree.
And I shall be afraid
That one so young
Could fathom me.

WHY . . . . . *Beata Bowman*

I want to know why
White violets bloom and perish . . .
And winter comes —
Then spring . . .
I want to realize
The slow smooth turning
Of the universe —
Why stars in their courses
Sometimes fall —
Why the oriole's throbbing throat
Gives forth a silver spray
Of music . . .
I'd know all this,
Perhaps
If I knew why
You love me. . . .

VOW . . . . . *Mary Helen Emerson*

I would not have sworn
To be back, my love,
If I had seen Cathay.
If I had known the wonders found
In seeking a sailor's way.

SHELL SONG . . *Mary Helen Emerson*

Come to the calling of the side-slipping tide,
Follow the foams ebb for a guide
Down to the meadows of the water-logged sky,
Where no one lives but the green and I.

BEACHCOMBER . *Mary Helen Emerson*

The droning voice
Of busy waves
Who tattle on the seas,

The silent sweep
Of soaring gulls
That drift back with the breeze,

The warm, brown sand
That cradles those
Born children of the sun,

Is song, is grace,
Is love of wife,
To me, who would have none.

FRUSTRATION . . . *Kathleen Duffy*

I wanted to shout
With the rowdy wind
That raced up the mountain side.
He tugged at my sleeve
And offered his wings
If I would come for a ride.
The fog walled me in
With the silent rebuff
Of a vigilant chaperone;
And the braggart wind
Slunk down the ravine.
I stood a prisoner — alone.

TRANQUILLITY . . *Kathleen Duffy*

A lily moored
Among sky pictures
On a pond
Opens its golden heart —
A star held captive
In waxen whiteness.

TO MOUNT SAINT MARY'S

Joan Patrick

Your white spire
Is a flame
Searing the sky;
Its brave light
Is an aim
Aspiring high.
Its clean length
Is a sword
Flashing for truth;
Its tall grace
Shields the *Word*
Speaking to youth.

WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL

Catherine Ameche

Four corners marked by staccato red and green —
House corners outlined with grey rainpipe —
Sand-bulged corners of overall pockets —
I lean them in the corners of my mind.

TANKA . . . . . *Kathleen Trounce*

That white sail fluttering . . .
The quiver of a handkerchief
Waving goodbye
To those who go
To war across the sea.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE . . . . . *Margaret Moran*

Have you ever seen a fairy,
Or known a leprecaun,
Or met an elfin walking
At the coming of the dawn?

Have you heard wee elfin music
From out an ancient tree
Rouse fairies from the rose leaf beds
To dance with morning glee?

Have you heard sweet tinkling laughter
And seen a fairy game,
And had a fairy kiss you?
(You'll never be the same).

TO SISTER MARIE DE LOURDES

Margaret O'Connell

We follow her whose eyes are humble brown
as two shy monks at matins,
whose black robes whisper-kiss
the path-ways as she goes,
her fingers fretted on her blessèd beads.
She shepherds us to class
upon the hill-top, undesked and undimensioned;
and like a Socrates or Francis,
odes all of Nature's liturgies.
She bids us write of sunlight
stalking through the trees on stilts,
of vines that hang
by stockinged toes in jester's green,
or satined buds that gypsy
with the foppish weeds in ragged tippets.
She puts prisms in our hearts
to laud the color
of a mauve marauding shadow,
Water-blue cupped up in ponds,
or hectic red in sunset's plumes.
She is a handmaid of the grey-browed bird
and gold-etched moon —
awakener of the dormant-hearted poet.
Still more to me,
she is my living answered prayer, once plied,
that God would light my soul
like saffroned sun
with love for all His winnowing fingers touch.

LINES ON HAVING READ "TO SISTER MARIE DE LOURDES"

ZAN Joyce

Look, Sister,
I wish I could say it.
Say it like your nice little kids;
Say it in poetry with rolling sure cadence and meter secure.
But taking my dumb-struck means,
Having to hand only a pig-iron set of words,
Having no ruffled and lacy chain of semantics,
I tell you this. I tell them this, your nice little kids.
Don't talk to me of Sister with her eyes like brown doves.
I've seen her when they were hot embers!
When they were candles in the wind
When they were rain-soaked leaves.
Why don't they tell of the banked fires in you.
Dear heaven, have they only seen your class-room face
With features placed in seemly symmetry for a morning class.
What do they know of long gray days and longer nights
When "Ster" was all there was of sanity and balance.
When knowing "Ster" was there, although unseen, unheard.
There in her wisdom and humanity
Was all there was of anything, anywhere.
How dare they know no more of you than what they do.
Are their gleanings so thin, so meager?
Why don't they tell of your fine, high scorn for the commonplace
Why don't they tell of your sense of the balance of things?
Why don't they tell of the things that are yours to give?
Of your reverence and respect for the power of words.
Only in after years.
Only then, little kids,
Can you know deeply what is hers to give.
So sit still and take it.
Have the wisdom to cup your hands and gather it in.
Hear it from me.
Hear it from an old girl.
Know that "Ster" is something you can hang your life on.
Know that when you need it
She has a whit-leather toughness,
A singleness of purpose achieved and attained by few.
Brush away the miasma of obvious virtues and know her.
Take it from me in my clumsy way.
Believe my hammered and tortuous phrasings.
Believe me when I tell you this.
Have sense, little kids, have sense to hold still and t ake it.
Know it while it is yours to know.
Know her pilgrim soul.

Set in twelve point Kentonian type, two-point leaded, with captions in letter-spaced capitals and italics. The paper is seventy pound Corsican Ivory antique text.

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